
Title: The Brink of Extinction

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Translated to the Common
Tongue for ease of
understanding by the
wingless.

I was walking along the
road to the Sosarian city
of Minoc when a human
came across my path. The

human told me that he
had ventured to Ter Mur
since the ground burst
open, revealing passage to
my home land. The human
then asked me a simple
question: why are there
so few Gargl?

I suppose to my kind, it
is common knowledge and
a shared history, but for
outsiders such as this
human, it might be
perplexing to see an
entire society with
multiple cities, but only
run by a handful of
inhabitants. The answer
was a simple one, which I
gave to the human: we
were brought to the
brink of extinction.

The human did not
understand and requested
that I tell him of our
sordid tale of survival
and perseverance. It
makes little sense to
speak of this to one
human, only to have
another human come
across my path and ask
the same questions and I
must give the same
answer to, so instead I
shall write of it so that
all humans may read of
the answer.

The Gargl have been on the brink of extinction for generations, and before that were nearly extinct. Long ago, far past the generations of my forefathers, my kind lived in a city by the name of Ambrosia. This city collapsed beneath the seas, along with my race, thus nearly wiping our kind from history for all time.

However, a single egg survived and was handed over to a wise Gargl seer who was not in the city when it collapsed. He watched over this egg for years until it finally hatched, revealing a female Gargl. This female Gargl was kept secret from the world and guarded closely. Her sole duty was to produce new eggs, and for generations she did. This Gargl, as you may have guessed, is the Queen of the Royal City, now, and through her efforts for generations the Gargl were allowed to populate the realm once more.

We sought a new home, away from Sosarians and other dangers. What we ultimately found threatened to be our very tomb. A great colony was created in what is now known as the Stygian Abyss. A great library was created there as well, and for generations it was our home. We were free to study and learn in peace, all the while our numbers grew slowly. Until the unthinkable happened. Terrible horrors crawled up from the murky depths of the Abyss,

bringing great horror and destruction with them. The worst of all was the appearance of the dreaded Slasher of the Veils. He single-handedly claimed hundreds of Gargl lives and brought the colony to ruins, and once more brought the Gargl race to the brink of extinction.

We fled. We sealed the Abyss shut and established a new colony in the realm that is now known as Ter Mur. We have yet to recover from the devastation wrought by the infernal horrors of the Abyss, but we are slowly rejuvenating.

However, with the re-opening of the Stygian Abyss, I can but wonder what trials we shall face in the near future? Will the coming of the humans and elves be a boon or ill-tiding? I know these things not, nor does our great seer Naxatilor. The coming years will see to the thriving or decimation of the Gargl race once and for all.

-Lore Master Jaggerauth
Ter Mur Royal Library